I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauie too: God kéep Lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels: I haue led my rag of Muffians where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to begge during life. But who comes heere? *Enter the Prince.*

Prince What ſtandſt thou idle heere? lend mee thy Sword,
Many a Noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreueng'd, I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breathe a while: Turke *Gregorie* neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day: I haue payd *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prince. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee;
I prethee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay before God *Hal*, if *Percy* be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prince Giue it me: what? is it in the caſe?

Falſ. I *Hal*, tis hot, theres that will ſacke a Citie.

The Prince drawes it out, and findes it a bottell of Sacke.

Prince What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the Bottell at him. *Exit.*

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as *ſir Walter* hath: giue me life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much; Lord *Iohn* of *Lancaſter*, goe you with him.

P. Iohn Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſtie make vp,
Leſt your retirement doe amaze your friends.

Ki. I will do ſo; my L. of *Weſtmerland*, leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prince Leade me my Lord, I doe not need your helpe;
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue

The

The prince of *Wales* from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtainde Nobilitie lies troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn We breathe too long, come cooſen *Weſtmerl*
Our duty this way lies: For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'd me *Lancaſter*,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit;
Before I lou'd thee as a brother *Iohn*,
But now I doe reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the poynt,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warrier.

Prin. O, this Boy lends mettall to vs all.

Dowg. Another King, they grow like Hydras hea
I am the *Dowglas* fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a King?

Ki. The King himſelfe, who *Dowglas* grieues at h
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King: I haue two Boyes,
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe, about the Field;
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

Dowg. I feare thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be;
And thus I winne thee,

They fight, the King being in danger, enter Prince of

Prince. Hold vp thy head vile Scot, or thou art lik
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirits
Of valiant *Sherly*, *Stafford*, *Blunt*, are in my Armes,
It is the Prince of *Wales* that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Dowglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Cliſton*: Ile to *Cliſton* ſtrait.

King. Stay, and breathe a while,